[ficlet] Glory

- Dec. 19th, 2010 at 2:18 AM

Title: Glory.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG for kisses. :3
Warnings: Kissing, angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel/Castiel.
Word Count: 711 words.
Summary: *There is Gabriel unveiled, all of his glory shining brightly in Castiel's eyes.*
Note: This is the eighth of my Christmas gift fics, and this one is a specific

present to **morganoconner**, who wanted Gabriel/Castiel, wings or bonding or domestic fluff and I did the wings bit and never got to any of the rest, but I hope she likes it regardless?

Technically you could call this about 700 words of me being descriptive about angels + fluffy stuff, but let's just call it giftfic instead. :3

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There is Gabriel, wreathed in golden light instead of the mossy green that covered his angelic nature and identified him as a Trickster, a deity with different ties to the Earth.

There is Gabriel unveiled, all of his glory shining brightly in Castiel's eyes. The mossy green has been pulled away and there is Gabriel with countless wings and fire and *light*. Humans would die at such a sight, and such an unguarded and unshield visage of perfection.

Castiel's first instinct at such a sight is to worship, to fall on his knees and let himself be reassured that there is a benevolent and caring God, one who would create such a glorious creature, one who would fashion him out of the same starstuff so that he may look upon Gabriel and be unharmed.

Castiel denies that instinct with a stubborn will that he has learned from humanity, and the memory of the green light that had been there moments ago.

Gabriel watches him, then flutters his wings as he twists to look at himself.

"I haven't changed too much, have I?" Gabriel asks, voice sudden and startling, as it is still human: Gabriel is not using his Voice, and the difference between voice and form shakes Castiel.

"Gabriel," Castiel answers with mouth and throat and human form, and then, again but with his true Voice, which is something else entirely: "Gabriel."

When Gabriel speaks again it is with his Voice, which is the deep resonant bass of a large bell and the clarity of a trumpet and echoes of the human voice at its sweetest and more besides.

"Let me see you," Gabriel says.

Castiel watches Gabriel for a moment, then manifests himself. It is with no small amount of shame, as he is but a shadow of his original glory, and even at his height he was but a candle to Gabriel's radiant star.

He does not look at Gabriel as his own single pair of wings spreads, and he does not look as the rest of his form follows suit. He trembles to see how human his true form is, how faded and plain he is. He cannot look at his wings to see how stained with soot they are, where they were marked by the fires of Hell and left unhealed in the time since that trip down and back.

And then Gabriel is there, touching his face and wings with his own, gathering him close, and Castiel cannot help but make a noise something like a sob.

"Shh," Gabriel says, and tucks Gabriel against him. "You're still an angel, Castiel, and you're not beyond the point of no return. I'll help restore you."

"I do not deserve it," Castiel says, but Gabriel shakes his head.

"You still have faith," Gabriel tells him. "Perhaps not in our Father, but in someone, and that's a lot more than I can say for a lot of our brothers here on Earth. You deserve it, and more besides."

Castiel can't answer him, and instead reaches out hesitantly to touch Gabriel's wings.

"Castiel?" Gabriel asks as Castiel touches his wings. "Look at me."

Castiel stills himself, pulls his hand back as he looks at Gabriel.

Gabriel kisses him.

There is nothing but physical contact for a brief span of seconds, and then there is Gabriel's essence, his *Grace* pouring out in the kiss and into Castiel, filling him up and fanning his own fire. Castiel shakes as he is given this gift, unconsciously spreads his wings as the soot that had stained his wings nearly black for so long begins to fall away.

When Gabriel pulls back, Castiel's wings are pure silver once again, and while he is not what he was, he is no longer a shadow of himself.

When Castiel says thank you, the words are not enough, cannot convey the depth of Castiel's gratitude, so he says it again, repeats the words helplessly until Gabriel kisses him again, a plainly physical kiss that silences Castiel.

"There we go," Gabriel murmurs as he pulls back again. "Feeling better?" There's humor in the question, and Castiel cannot help a huff of laughter.

"Yes," He tells Gabriel, and hugs him tight. "Yes."